Pulse

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Category: Walking Dead
Genre: Drama, Family
Language: English
Characters: Carol, Daryl D., Rick G.
Status: Completed
Published: 2016-04-10 06:29:25
Updated: 2016-04-10 06:29:25
Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:44:14
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 254
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: When Carol is hurt, Daryl can't feel anything.
Drabble.

Pulse

"Pulse"

_She's breathing! _Rick promises, but he's a cop, not a doctor.

Daryl doesn't think about how he's never felt less in his life than at this moment. He doesn't think about how the feeling between fury, terror, and grief is just this void of emptiness. He doesn't even think about _Her, _laying in the backseat of the car, her head resting ever so lightly in Rick's lap.

Daryl thinks about driving. Driving fast, and driving faster.

Rick reminds him to brake once their inside the walls of Alexandria. Denise isn't coming. She's already gone.

Daryl doesn't think about where Rick is carrying _Her, _he just follows.

He doesn't remember the lock on the Infirmary, he just kicks.

He doesn't hear Tara screaming, he just clears a bed.

Somebody is looking him, and somebody is looking at them, and no one knows what to do.

He doesn't think about how soon Carol is going to die, he just sits next to her.

He lays his head on her chest, and he doesn't wonder how long it's

been since she last took a breath. He reaches for her hand, and his hands are too big, and they cover her wrists.

He feels something, and he stands.

He places two hands on her chest, and he presses. Slow at first, and then faster, and then his lips on hers, and then more pumpingâ€¦

All because he thinks he felt her pulse.

End
file.